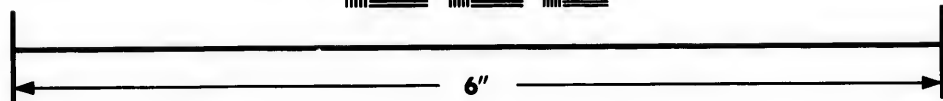
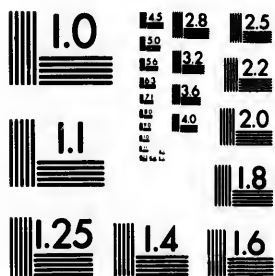


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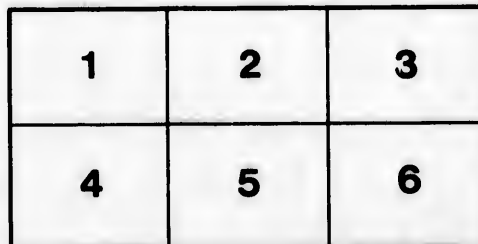
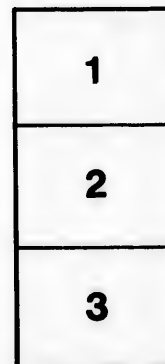
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Curio

Spencerham Sheldrake

(Sigma)

Curious Facts.

Faint, illegible text or markings, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

Curious Facts.

I deal not here with problems sage,
My style may be unfinished, rough,
But there's a laugh in every page,
If you can find it, that's enough.

S. S.

TORONTO :
WILLIAMSON & CO.
1895.

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PROLOGUE.

AFTER carefully reading over the following stories, in cool blood, I confess that I am not prepared to vouch for their absolute veracity. What I claim for them is, *that they contain a far higher percentage of truth than do thousands of tales by which reputations are maimed, and homes rendered miserable.*

S. S.

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CONTENTS.

The Mammoth Moth	5
Big Bass Flies	6
Curious Facts About a Cat	9
Polar Bears	10
Curious Facts About Billy.....	12
Finding His Level	19
Frogs in the Well.....	27
The Automaton Missionary	30
The Fatal Echo	35
Fan-tailed Frogs	39
The S. P. C. B. I.	41
The Mosquitoes' Lay.....	48
The Story of a Terrible Tempest in a Teapot.....	49
Curious Effect of Singing on a Cat.	57
Ideal Middle Age	58
"Bouleversement"	59
Verses—	
A Summer Verselet	107
A Winter Verselet	109
The Cawing of the Crow.....	111
May, 1893.....	113
The Nursery Car	113
The Story of a Stuffed Canary ...	115
A Modern Sea Song.....	117
The Candidate	119
The Legend of a Lovesick Lake.	121

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The Mammoth Moth.



PEAKING of collectors, I think the most gullible of them are stamp collectors and moth collectors. The former on account of their youth, the latter on account of what the gentleman who wrote "Verdant Green" calls "The tame rabbit disposition." My moth collecting friend was one of those enthusiasts whose enthusiasm is catching; and when he carried me off to see his latest prize, he communicated a share of his spirit to me by some occult method peculiar to his kind.

I was thus prepared to see and to *believe*. But when it came to the point, the strain on my credulity was too great.

He called the thing by a long Latin name of which all I could catch was "maximus." It might have been *that*, but I know it was

not, nor had ever been a *moth* of any kind. Notwithstanding his assurance that he had paid a big price for it to a man in Colorado who dealt in such articles, I am firmly convinced that it was nothing in the world but a stuffed hen, or perhaps, for it was decidedly "off color," a young turkey that had come to an untimely end.

However, I did not try to deceive my friend, partly because I knew the attempt would be futile, and partly because he seemed so ridiculously happy in the possession of his monstrosity, that I felt that I should be acting with heartless brutality if I really succeeded in disillusionizing him.

Big Bass Flies.

FISHERMEN, I mean amateur fishermen, are credulous as a class. Otherwise, how do you account for the propagation of fish stories?

Most of the narrators themselves believe that they are telling you the truth.

Dear old K. was one of the most harmless men that ever breathed, but he was weak where fish or the means of catching them were concerned. I met him one day coming towards the river, looking most absurdly happy, with a big fly rod over his right shoulder, and a thing like the extinct Dodo tucked under his left arm.

"Hullo K," I said, "What on earth have you got there?"

"Oh," he replied, "That's one of A.'s bass flies."

"Surely," I said, "You don't expect to catch anything with *that!*"

"Oh, don't I?" he answered, looking a little bit hurt. "A. has supplied me with flies all along. He made small ones for me during the early part of the season, and I caught a lot of fish. He has been making them bigger lately, and I have not been so lucky. But he assures me that you can't have flies too big for the end of the season."

"What does he charge you for them?" I enquired.

"Well, for the small ones, from fifteen to twenty cents a piece; but more, of course, for the larger ones. One like *this*," he added, looking fondly and proudly at the dodo, "costs five dollars."

A few hours after that I met a man who asked me if I had seen K. I said "Yes."

"Well," he said, "It's a *curious fact*, but he has the biggest catch of fish *you* ever saw."

"Oh, don't try to stuff me," I answered; "I know he never caught a fish with that thing he was carrying under his arm."

"But he did tho'," said my friend. "The instant he put it in the water, shoals of bass leaped out on the bank, *screaming*. K. swears they screamed. He collected about a hundred, whose faces were not rendered absolutely ghastly with terror, and threw the rest back. He vows he will never use that fly again, because the look of pained horror on those fishes' countenances will haunt

him until his dying day. Dear old K. ! he was always a tender-hearted chap."

Curious Facts About a Cat.

A FRIEND of mine has a cat that has been in his family so long that it has acquired habits of politeness from association. He argues that a cat *can* do this. He says it is a *curious fact* that his cat always thanks him with a "mieaw" for any little attention, such as a dish of milk, opening a door or a window for it, especially his bed-room window. A common cat, he says, will not do this, and he has proved it. A common cat once came to his bed-room window and "mieawed" the way that his own cat does, so much so that it kept him awake, and at last he got out of bed to see what it wanted. It was a cold, frosty night, and, as all the water out of doors was frozen, he thought the poor beast might be thirsty. So

he gently lowered the upper sash of his window, and poured the whole of the contents of his water jug into pussy's upturned countenance, thinking that enough of it might go down its throat to quench its thirst ; and then, he said, the unmannerly beast went away quite suddenly, without the slightest expression of gratitude.

His own cat, he thinks, would not have acted like that.

Polar Bears.

It is a curious fact that there are men who, in the bosom of their family, will indignantly repudiate the sentiments which they have loudly expressed the previous night at their club.

My friend C. was like that. It was late one night at the club, in fact, I am not quite sure it was not next morning, when C. surprised us all by suddenly exclaiming that he

wished he was a polar bear. Of course we asked him, why ?

“ Oh,” he said, “ polar bears eat icebergs, and I should like to eat an iceberg just now. I’m so hot.”

Well, we gathered round him and told him that polar bears did not eat icebergs ; but he would not be persuaded. He said he knew they did, because he had read all about it in Buffon’s Natural History of England. I was staying at his house, and all the way home we argued the matter, but I could not make him see that he was wrong. The nearest I got to it was to wring from him a reluctant admission that, “ If polar bearsh don’t eat ishbergs, then the ishbergs eat the polar bearsh.”

The next morning, or the same morning, when all the family were assembled at breakfast, I turned to his wife and said, “ By-the-way, C. will insist upon it that polar bears eat icebergs.” And then, to my utter astonishment and dismay, he turned upon me with a look of pained amazement, and ejaculated,

"*I!* I never said such a thing in my life. Absurd! How *could* a polar bear eat an iceberg? You must have been dreaming, old fellow."

Well, I felt hurt; the more so because I could see that his wife thought that it was *I* who was not quite so clear as I should have been as to the conversation of the preceding night. And I felt that I had gone down any number per cent. in her estimation.

Curious Facts About Billy.

I LONG to do Billy justice, but I have not sufficient space. It would require a good-sized volume.

Neither have I the requisite ability. I don't believe there is a single living author or poet, or any living collection of authors and poets combined who could do him justice.

Billy was my horse. Not an ordinary horse, by any means. He

was the best, the dearest, in short, the most invaluable horse that ever lived, and he had a long, pendulous under lip. I mention this because it was so strongly indicative of his character. I know some ladies whose under lips are adjusted on the same mechanical principle, and they are distinguished for the amiability of their dispositions, and for the unyielding tenacity with which they adhere to a resolution once formed, or to an opinion once expressed.

I love them for that, for Billy's sake.

This mulish obstin—; I mean this praiseworthy firmness of character of his caused us many an upset in the sleighing season. We lived in Canada, in the country, where there are snow drifts and pitch holes. In order to negotiate the latter properly the horse should keep in the track and go slow. Billy thought otherwise, and no amount of persuasion could cause him to alter his opinion. It was my custom, when we arrived on the

brink of one of these pitch holes, to stop and point out to him the desirability of progressing gently. But he would simply waggle that long under lip derisively, and make a plunge for it; and when it was all over, he would canter off with the empty sleigh on its side, and leave us and the seats and buffalo robes and things to be picked up by the next passing sleigh.

He also suffered from a bronchial affection, which caused him to emit roaring noises, to the utter dismay of well-informed Sunday school children, who would flee, screaming for protection, to their mothers, when they heard him coming, under the impression that he was the real, original roaring lion, and that he wanted to devour them. Poor, harmless old Billy!

In addition to his Cromwellian decision of character, Billy possessed a keen sense of the ludicrous. It was a treat to see him take my maiden aunt for a drive. When he was brought to the door, and just as she was about to step into the car-

riage, he would turn a cold, stern, speculative eye upon her, which always caused her to tremble, and ask if he was likely to kick. Then, when she was ready to start, and had said "tchk, Billy," in an apologetic tone of voice, he would give his head a gentle toss, which had the effect of extricating the reins from her grasp, give a few preliminary roars, and start off at a gentle, dignified amble. First he used to take her to the Post office, then to the saloon over the way, then to the druggists', then to the grocer's, then to another saloon, then to the butcher's, then to the lady's who executed our laundry business (we had nothing so low as a washer-woman in our village), then to another saloon. He would stop at each place for just as long as he considered it necessary for her to transact her business; then he would bring her home, uttering (he, not she) roars of triumph.

On these occasions she always remarked that she had had a delightful drive, and that Billy was

"a darling horse." This is a curious fact, because it is certain that she did not want to be taken to any of the places that Billy had taken her to; but some people are easier to please than others.

I wish to observe here, parenthetically, that *I* did not teach Billy to stop at saloons. He had acquired the trick before he became my property, and I purchased him from a temperance lecturer.

Billy had a deep-rooted aversion to cows; and at odd moments, when he could spare time from the more serious business of grazing, he would amuse himself by chasing the cow round and round the field, which resulted in the untimely production of butter by other than the usual methods. As this frequently occurred at times when we should have preferred milk, we came to regard it as an objectionable habit. But we knew it would be useless to expostulate with him on the subject, for it would only have made matters worse. He would either have killed the cow, or turned her into a peripatetic cheese factory.

It is a curious fact that he knew Sundays when they came round, and would slumber peacefully through the sermon, in the church shed, as intelligently as the most orthodox member of the congregation did, in the church itself.

His end was hastened by the mistaken kindness of a lady to whom I had loaned him for a week. I had thoughtlessly omitted to mention his bronchial trouble to her, and when she first heard his stentorous breathing, she became alarmed and sent for a vet, who pronounced it lung trouble, and advised a mustard plaster. So she sent her boy to the village store, with a wheelbarrow to procure the mustard, which she spread thickly on an old hair mattress; and then, with the assistance of the neighbors, this was spread over and tightly lashed to the part where she thought horses wore their lungs. But she made a mistake. The stupid vet ought to have stopped and shewn her. The poor old horse never recovered from this treatment, though I think his self-

respect suffered from it more than his constitution did, and I was obliged to put an end to his sufferings by persuading him to look into the muzzle of a gun, while the man at the other end pulled the trigger.

A thriving young basswood tree now shades his grave.

These thoughts move me to tears, and also to the following touching verses, which critical or sensitive persons will do well to skip :

Oh Billy, how I miss you ! Never, never
more
Shall I guide your stumbling footsteps,
nor listen to your roar.
The snow will fall next winter, and pitch-
holes form, but yet
I shall miss the sweet excitement that's
involved in an upset.
And when your proud successor takes a
lady out, I think
He'll neglect to stop at taverns to sug-
gest a cooling drink.
I may try to find your equal ; but while
your loss I mourn,
I feel a firm conviction, that he has not
yet been born.
Rest peacefully, my Billy ! you can
neither haw nor gee,
In the grave where we have laid you,
beneath the basswood tree.

Finding His Level.

PEOPLE usually imagine that, in order to find his level, a man ought to travel and mix much in society. It is a curious fact, however, that the reverse is the case. If a man wants to find out how utterly useless he is, how little he knows of the ways of men, and how much he requires to be sent to school to learn the whole thing over again, he should bury himself for a time in a Canadian back country village.

Kawassaka is the name of a place where Harry Egerton really learned the great lessons of his life. Kawassaka is not the name in full, in fact there are several syllables omitted, but it is the way that the Reeve, Mr. John B. Knowitall, used to pronounce it after his twelfth glass of rye whisky, and it is good enough for my purpose, and it is easy to write.

This story ought not properly to come under the heading of "Curious Facts," because it is a plain un-

trimmed statement of certain events that have come under my own personal observation. There is not a grain of exaggeration in it. If anybody doubts this, especially if he be an Englishman who prides himself upon his knowledge of the world, let him try the experiment for himself. There are plenty of Kawassakas for him to choose from. But for taking the conceit out of a man and leaving him utterly limp I will back my Kawassaka and old J. B. Knowitall and his satellites against the field.

My friend Harry Egerton is a young Englishman of good family, who has had every social and educational advantage that usually falls to a man of his class. He commenced life at a large English public school, where he became a first-class bat, oarsman and boxer. From there he went to the University of Oxford, where he continued his boating, batting and boxing, and as he also took his B.A. degree with honors, it is to be presumed that he learned something. After this he drifted into the army and saw active

service in a crack regiment in more than one quarter of the globe. Then, at his father's death, finding himself a rich man, he left the army and spent a couple of years between yachting all over the world and dissipating in the capitals of Europe. He hunted big game in Africa and shot tigers in India, and he conscientiously worked his way through a whole London season. And then, at the age of six and twenty, with unimpaired health and an income of a clear twelve thousand pounds a year, he found it hard to amuse himself. He thought he had done the whole thing, seen all that was to be seen, and learned all that was to be learned. But he was mistaken. He had not seen Kawassaka. I don't know what made him think of Canada, but he procured letters of introduction to nice people in Toronto and came out here. He found Toronto, naturally, very similar to other cities of civilization, but he did not want that, he was thirsting for a new experience. A Toronto friend suggested that before he re-

turned to England he ought to see something of the lumbering districts, and he caught at the idea. And thus it turned out that, armed with a letter of introduction, in which he was simply described as a young Englishman who had recently arrived from the Old Country, he presented himself one fine summer's morning at Mr. John B. Knowitall's door. Hospitality is a Canadian virtue, thus he was welcomed with open arms and given rye whisky to drink, after which he was recommended to put up at the Montmorancy House as being the better of the two hotels which Kawassaka boasted, and received an invitation to dine with the Reeve, Mr. J. B. K., on the following Sunday.

And then his education commenced.

The first thing he did when he arrived at the hotel was to ask for a bath; but he failed to make himself understood until the landlord's son, a bright youth, who attended the Kawassaka public school, chanced to come in. "Oh, pop," said the

boy, "he wants a bath. It's easy to see he's English; he do talk real funny." There was no bath available, but there was a river in which he might bathe. So he procured a couple of towels, or rather apologies therefor, and, under the guidance of the precocious youth, set out. On the way he met Mr. J. B. Knowitall and his brother, Mr. B. J. Knowitall, and they asked him where he was going.

When he informed them that he was simply going for a swim they both expressed the loudest and liveliest concern (all the Knowitalls, and they are a large family, are loud, if not exactly lively) for his safety. He assured them that it was all right; that he could swim. They said that that did not matter, that it was unsafe for any *Englishman*, no matter how well he could swim, to bathe in a Canadian river until he had been for several years a resident in the country.

"There's a strong current," said Mr. J. B. K.

"And eddies," said Mr. B. J. K.

"The water is too cold," said Mr. J. B. K.

"Or else too hot," said Mr. B. J. K.

"I suppose there are no alligators?" asked Egerton, gravely.

"Alligators! Oh, no. He, he, he! hi, hi, hi! haw, haw, haw! oh! ain't you English green?" chimed in young precocity.

"Very well, then, I will risk it," answered Egerton, quietly. And he did; and young precocity admitted that he swam fairly well, that is, for an Englishman.

To make a long story short, during his stay in Kawasska, this young Englishman, who had been accustomed to ride the most mettlesome steeds across the stiffest country, was warned not to mount a Canadian horse until he understood its ways. He had been used to the crankiest kind of racing craft to be found on Isis or Thames; but he was earnestly entreated not to venture out in a sixteen-foot canoe. He had fished for salmon in Scotland and Norway; but he was told that it would be

quite useless for him to attempt the capture of black bass unless he had someone with him to show him how. And above all, being an Englishman, albeit one who had taken part in many a Norfolk battue, had shot snipe in the fens, grouse on the moors, and every kind of game from an elephant to a humming bird in all parts of the world, he was solemnly warned not to trust himself with a gun, unless one of the brothers B. J. K. or J. B. K. went with him to show him how to handle it, and even then they said it would be dangerous, because green Englishmen were so shiftless. He was told that the way they hunted deer was to drive them into the water and slaughter them, but that it would be of no use for him to attempt it, because, being an Englishman, he would get "buck fever" and miss. He thought of a tiger or two and smiled. And then he was told that he would never be able to learn to skate properly. Visions of miles and miles of overflown meadows covered with black, black ice in the

eastern counties, on which he had frequently disported himself, rose before his mind's eye. That tobogganing required too much nerve, and snowshoeing too much skill for an Englishman even to attempt successfully. And then he was regaled with a long string of stories about clumsy, hoydenish tricks, such as a fourth form Rugby boy would have blushed to have been mixed up in, that had been played upon Englishmen of the greenhorn type, a type by the way which, according to the brothers Knowitall, all Englishmen must necessarily belong.

His final lesson was learned just as he was about to leave Kawassaka. He had given a poor half-starved old Indian a dollar for a paddle, to take away with him as a memento, and he heard young Precocity say to his father, "Wal now if he ain't too green to live; he gave old John a dollar fur that paddle that ain't worth a quarter."

Harry Egerton left Kawassaka a sadder, if a wiser man. He had found out how little it was possible

for a man, and especially an Englishman, to know.

Years afterwards, when Mr. John B. Knowitall had heard about his social position, his wealth and his antecedents, he was wont to allude to "his friend, Mr. Egerton, Esq., M.P.," and would narrate to an admiring circle of friends how *he* had "put the young fellow up to a thing or two."

Frogs in the Well.

THE curious fact that "what is one man's poison is another man's food" is exemplified by the following story.

A. had bought a small house in the country, whither he thought it would be pleasant to retire during the summer months, with his wife and family. At first everything went well. They got used to mosquitoes and other buzzing and stinging insects, and used to pretend that

they rather liked that sort of thing than otherwise. But one day they made the horrible discovery that there were frogs in the well. A.'s wife declared that whenever she went to pump a pail of water, she pumped up half a dozen or so of them, and that they sat at the bottom of the bucket and barked at her until she was terrified. Well, A. satisfied himself that the frogs were there, and he had been too long married to let it appear that he doubted the curious fact of their barking. Finally it was decided to let or sell the property, the latter if possible, and the matter was placed in the hands of B., an experienced house agent.

In a very short time B. called upon A. to inform him that he had effected the sale, and in a most advantageous manner; in fact, for half as much again as the original price of the property. A. was both gratified and astonished, and requested B. to tell him how he had managed it so well.

"Oh," said B., "it was the frogs."

"The frogs!!" exclaimed A.
"Pray explain yourself."

"Well," replied B., "the frogs naturally set me thinking of Frenchmen. And thinking of Frenchmen reminded me that Monsieur C. wanted a house. So I called upon him, and he went with me to see the house. I showed him all the rooms first and he was charmed with them. Then I showed him the garden and he was delighted with it. And last of all I swore him to secrecy and showed him the pump. I like to talk to a man in his own language, and when I pumped out a fine, fat old frog into a bucket of water I exclaimed proudly: 'Voila Monsieur, vous avez pour drinker et aussi pour manger.' I had forgotten the French, for 'to drink,' but it did not matter, he understood me well enough; and he went into ecstasies over the frog. At first he would not believe that there were any more of them, but I pumped out about a dozen pailsful and fetched frogs nearly every time, fine, fat, succulent looking chaps they were too.

Well, sir, you never saw anything like the delight of that Frenchman. He danced about and licked his lips, and wanted to light a fire in the backyard to cook some of them at once. But I explained to him that I had no time, as I had to meet another gentleman who was anxious to purchase the property. That brought him to book at once, and he willingly agreed to pay \$1,500 cash down, which is just \$500 more than you asked, so I guess you'll be willing to set up the drinks and cigars. A. did so without a murmur.

The Automaton Missionary.

CAPTAIN THOMAS TOMPLINE was a retired South Sea whaler, who had made a great deal of money by curious methods other than whaling, which were at one time prevalent in those latitudes. Whether it was the painful reminiscence of those practices, or that time hung heavily

on his hands, I know not. Certain it is, however, that the retired captain turned his attention to the subject of missionary labor among the South Sea islanders. He had seen a good deal of that sort of thing, and knew how difficult it was for a missionary to earn the money which was collected for him by credulous old ladies and enthusiastic school children. For no sooner would one good man of, let us say the Methodist persuasion, get together a congregation, than a Baptist would come along and undo all his work. The Baptist would in turn be ousted by a fervent young Presbyterian, who would have to give way to a Church of England parson; and then the whole lot would be driven from the field, as a rule, by a fat, well-fed looking Roman Catholic priest, perhaps because the latter could conscientiously offer the semi-converted heathen acceptable substitutes for their discarded idols. Pondering these things over his evening pipe and glass of grog, Captain Tompline came to the con-

clusion that what was wanted was a leather-lunged individual, who could go on for any length of time proclaiming some fundamental tenet of some particular sect. And then the idea occurred to him that an automatic missionary, with a phonograph inside him, would be the very thing. It would only require one gesture, a thumping one, to command attention, and the thing would be complete. He selected the Baptist creed, because he naturally argued that total immersion would come easy to a people like the Kanakas, who spent half of their time in the water. To think, with the gallant Captain, was to act. So he had a fine-looking figure of a Baptist minister constructed, with the right arm made to work violently up and down, a properly instructed phonograph placed in its inside, and a tub for it to stand in and thump. Thus equipped, Captain Tompline set sail once more for the South Seas, to try his hand at converting the heathen by a novel method. The plan worked to perfection. He

started his figure going in a suitable locality. It roared and swung its arms, and thumped its tub so successfully that, one by one, the flesh and blood missionaries left the island in disgust, and Captain Tom had the field to himself. And in order to prove himself a real missionary, he did not decline to accept the gifts that were showered upon him, chiefly by his female converts, for, strange to say, the males remained sceptical.

All this, however, was by far too good to last. One fine day a ship hove in sight, and from her there landed a gentleman with a large packing case; and a few days after a Methodist automaton was in full working order. It roared louder and thumped harder than the Baptist one, and as it was run in connection with a bazaar, where the females could purchase the cast off finery of their white sisters across the sea, it naturally drove Captain Tom out of the field. After this, a Presbyterian turned up, with another automaton, chiefly attrac-

tive on account of its novelty, and the melodious way in which it pronounced the word "Sawbath." But, alas for the unstability of human affairs! One day there appeared in the offing a magnificent steamer, and from her came on shore a happy-looking Roman Catholic, with a case twice as large as all the others put together. And then he set up *his* show, which was of the Punch and Judy variety, the puppets being facsimiles of the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian missionary figures, which were chased and hunted and banged about by a hale, hearty-looking automaton Roman Catholic priest, who anathematized them all as heartily as if he had been real flesh and blood. And, moreover, the whole show was run by steam, to the accompaniment of an organ, which ground out lively secular airs; and as every convert was provided with food during the entertainment, and an inexpensive present at the end of it, it is but natural that the Roman Catholic drove

Captain Tom and the other competitors from the field. In fact, they had to fly to save their lives.

It is a curious fact that the Roman Catholics *are* the most successful missionaries.

The Fatal Echo.

CURIOUS facts concerning animals are almost always interesting; and, as for the veracity of the following story, I can vouch for it, that it contains a far greater percentage of truth, than does many a tale by which reputations are shattered, and homes rendered miserable.

A gentleman who resided within a short distance of Kawassaka, owned a very handsome and intelligent dog. This animal, however, was wont to disturb its owner and his neighbours by incessant barking during the night. It used to commence about nine o'clock in the evening, and keep up a steady bark-

ade—if I may be permitted to coin a word for the occasion—until daylight next morning.

At first, the neighbors were greatly annoyed by the disturbance, and used to remonstrate with the dog's owner; but, at last they became accustomed to the noise, and ceased to remark it. Finally, the dog suddenly and mysteriously died.

There was no sign of disease, nor could any trace of poisoning, or other foul play, be found.

Then a curious thing occurred. The neighbours discovered that they could not sleep. Like the miller, who had become so accustomed to the sound of his wheel, that he awoke when it stopped, these people had become so accustomed to the incessant barking, that they could not sleep without it. So they held a meeting, and appointed a committee to wait upon the owner of the deceased dog, lay the matter, in its true light before him, and request him to procure another animal in its place. This was done, and the new dog barked most satis-

factorily for about six months, when it, too, died as suddenly and mysteriously as its predecessor: and, as its death involved the same consequences, viz., sleepless nights for the neighbours, its owner procured another, which lasted for about four months, and then shared the fate of the two former ones.

After this, the owner of the dogs, himself, called a meeting of his neighbours, and pointed out to them, that, as he had a wife and family to support, they could scarcely expect *him* to go on wasting his substance in the purchase of dogs to bark other people to sleep. The neighbors acknowledged the justness of his argument, and finally it was agreed that *they* would furnish the dogs, if he could feed them: and in order to carry out this plan, a company was formed, with President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, and an executive committee was appointed to attend to the selection and purchase of new dogs, as fast as the old ones died.

This arrangement worked to per-

fection. Dogs were bought, barked their appointed time, died and were replaced, and the neighbours slept the sleep of the just and virtuous.

Now, strange to relate, it never occurred to the Kawassaka people to investigate the cause of the dogs' death. As long as they could enjoy their undisturbed rest they were perfectly satisfied to let things take their course. They paid their quarterly subscriptions, and thought no more about the matter.

But at length a stranger came to reside in Kawassaka, a man from the outside world. And he, being of an enquiring turn of mind, set to work to investigate the matter for himself, which resulted in the discovery that, on a hill opposite to the dwelling of the gentleman who owned the dogs, stood a farm building which produced an excellent echo, quite natural enough, in fact, to induce an ordinary dog to imagine that a rival canine was answering his challenge.

This, then, accounted for the death of at least a score of valuable

animals, *they had worn themselves out in trying to bark down an echo.*

The present dog has lasted longer than any of his predecessors, but he is beginning to show signs of wear. The echo, however, is still as good as new.

Read at concert on board S.S. *Scandinavian*, July, 1893. Earl of Derby in the chair.

Fan-tailed Frogs.

IT is a curious fact, that a man may gain more solid information by listening attentively for a few hours to the conversation in the smoking room of a ship, than he can from the careful perusal of the Encyclopædia Britannica for a lifetime.

For example, I once heard a man expatiating on the pleasure of shooting fan-tailed frogs in New Mexico. He said, that they had a beautiful plumage, and that their flight was something like that of the common snipe. He was a large man with a pugnacious-looking bull-dog face,

consequently his veracity was seldom, if ever, openly doubted. On this occasion, however, the passengers arose, one by one, and remarked that they wondered what the weather was like on deck, leaving me alone with the sportsman. He appeared to be a little bit hurt, and, being naturally of a timid disposition, I did not dare to address him. Yet, I had an aching longing to hear more about those frogs with feathers and tails. I never knew before that frogs grew feathers nor wore tails. So I rang the bell for the steward, and told him to bring me a stiff glass of Scotch whiskey, which, having imbibed, I screwed up my courage and said, "will you kindly tell me, sir, if those frogs can talk?" He gazed at me with a look of unutterable contempt and said, "Talk!!! They *sing*, sing beautifully and in chorus to the accompaniment of a curious instrument, made of reeds upon which the female frogs play."

"Thank you, sir," I said, and I also left to look at the weather.

This gentleman told many other stories of a like nature; and before the voyage was ended, I became sufficiently intimate with him to ask him of his business and destination. He informed me that, for the present, he was travelling to collect information, but that ultimately he was going to the World's Fair as the special representative of "Unvarnished Truth."

The S. P. C. B. I.

It was on board the S.S. *Numidian*. The usual concert in aid of the Liverpool Seaman's Orphan Institute was about to be held, and I was requested to give a reading of a comic nature. (It is a curious fact that men of reserved disposition and dignified demeanor should be expected to sing comic songs, or deliver comic recitations, but, alas! it is the case.) Well, I had nothing with me to read, and I

could remember nothing to recite, that had not been recited before, and yet I disliked to be thought churlish, so I promised to do the best I could. As the time for the concert drew near and still found me unprepared, I was fairly at my wits' end. Fortunately, on the morning of the very day, an inspiration seized me. Here was a splendid opportunity of introducing my "Cause." We had a pleasant voyage. All the sea-sick patients were well, and calling for bottled beer, and we were in the smooth waters of the gulf. Folks under these circumstances ought to be impressionable, if ever, and I might gather in a few dollars to aid me in my work. So after the piano-solo had been performed, and a few songs sung, my name was called, and I advanced, blushing, and delivered the following soul-stirring address:

"I have been requested to give you a reading or a recitation of a comic character, and I quite intended to do so. But, last night, the solemn booming of the fog horn, by remind-

ing me of the musical buzzing of our Canadian mosquitoes, filled my mind with better thoughts, my heart with higher aspirations. I have therefore decided, even at the risk of trying your patience, to make use of the short time allotted to me, in endeavouring to enlist your sympathies on behalf of the S.P.C.B.I. of which society I have the honor to be the originator, and of which I am, at present, owing to lack of membership, President, Secretary and Treasurer. The first two of these offices I shall be happy to resign; the last, for financial reasons, I desire to retain.

The magic letters, S. P. C. B. I. stand for "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Buzzing Insects."

We have societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and for the prevention of cruelty to children, but it has been my high privilege to originate the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Buzzing Insects. Think of the vast field we have open for our labours. Bury yourselves in the solitude of a cedar swamp, on a

summer day, and think the matter over, calmly, *if you can*.

There is scarcely a man or a woman, no matter how unblameable their private life may be; there is scarcely an innocent child, who will not ruthlessly slay a poor, tender, little mosquito, when the opportunity occurs, in the most cruel and horrible manner, namely, by *crushing it to death*. I am credibly informed that this atrocity has actually been perpetrated by a minister of the Gospel during the performance of his public duties.

In England, that proud centre of advanced civilization, I grieve to find that little or no attention seems to be paid to the comfort and welfare of that most interesting of insects, the common wasp. And, in order to induce a better feeling, I have composed the following versetlet entitled "The Wail of the Wasp," which I hope, some day to have set to music for the junior branch of the society.

It will indeed be a proud day for me, when I hear the fresh young

voices joining fervently in singing
"The Wail of the Wasp."

It goes thus :

I'm a charming little insect, yet some-
how people fail

To love me, on account of my objection-
able tail.

I would often nestle fondly in a maiden's
silken hair,

But her energetic movements shew that
I'm not wanted there.

I love to bask in sunshine upon the old
arm-chair,

But find, when I'm discovered, that I
am not wanted there.

If I hover round a table filled with luscious
fruit, and rare,

The flourished napkins warn me that I
am not wanted there.

Sometimes I grow weary, and I would
gladly rest

My limbs amid the flowers that adorn
a lady's breast,

Or humbly creep beneath her skirt, or
up her flowing sleeve,

But even there, she does not care to
have me, I believe.

And, oftentimes I buzz around a gentle-
man and beg

That he will give me shelter inside his
trouser leg,

And I notice he begins at once to stamp
and kick and swear,

Which shows me unmistakably that
I'm not wanted there.
If I would join a pic-nic in the woods
or on the stream
The men all try to kill me, the foolish
women scream.
And even pious folks combine to leave
me in the lurch,
For they do not make me welcome if I
take a seat in church.
What can a helpless insect do? Re-
venge is sweet, I'll try
To sting as many as I can, then lay me
down and die.

I hope at some future time to establish a branch of my society in England, when the claim that the wasp has upon humanity will be properly recognized; but, at present I find that the protection of mosquitoes in Canada will fully occupy my time and attention.

The effect that the harmless buzzing of these little creatures has upon some creatures is truly marvelous. It seems to arouse the savage instincts that lie dormant in the most tender of human breasts. I have actually heard a young lady of a notoriously sweet disposition express

a cruel wish to "jab" the poor, helpless little creatures with a hair-skewer. I have known a gray-haired old man to allow himself to be driven almost to the verge of profanity simply by the sound produced by the wings of these little insects; and it seemed to me a sad, sad instance of the depravity of human nature.

Oh, my dear friends! such things ought not to be. Will you not join me in my noble task? You cannot, perhaps, aid me by your personal labours, but you may with your purses. If it is the opinion of the majority of those present, that my claim is a better one than that of the Liverpool Seaman's Orphan Institute, I am not too proud to receive the proceeds of this concert, to be applied, ahem! as circumstances may direct on my arrival at Montreal.

In my capacity of Treasurer, I shall be happy to receive subscriptions, and no matter how small the amounts, you may rest assured that they will be faithfully expended.

At the conclusion of the concert, the chairman most good-naturedly put the matter to the vote: but on account of some ridiculous prejudice it was decided that the proceeds of the entertainment should go to the Sea man's Orphan Institute.

The Mosquitoes' Lay.

Weary sportsman, won't you rest
awhile?

You've laboured hard all day
Plying rod, and gun and paddle,
Rest, and listen to our lay.

Pitch your tent and spread your blankets
Poor, toil-worn, weary man
And, whilst we hover round you
Slumber sweetly—if you can.

We will keep a faithful vigil,
We'll be near you all the night.
Nor cease our soothing lullaby
Unless it be to bite.

And, ingrate, if you kill us
When by rage and anguish torn
We've a host of *blood* relations
Who will sing to you till morn.

The Story of a Terrible Tempest in a Teapot.

(An Allegory of the Prohibition Contest.)

"If you please, ma'am," said Mary Jane, "will you kindly step into the kitchen? The teapot and the whiskey bottle are going on outrageously, and master's pipe is sitting on the table encouraging them."

A terrible row was certainly going on. On the stove sat a teapot, swelled out with what the leniently disposed are wont to designate self-esteem, but which the majority of mankind would term self-righteousness or conceit. The teapot was so puffed up and excited that, if the roof of her head had not been constructed with the express object of avoiding such a catastrophe, it would undoubtedly have been blown off.

"You!" she was puffing, addressing a whiskey bottle, who was lounging on a table near by. "You! How dare you talk back to me? Do you know who I am? I shall

certainly ask the mistress to have you forbidden the kitchen. How dare you come here, vitiating the air with your horrid, fœtid breath? What would my friends say if they saw me, a respectable lady, in such a company?"

And here a tear welled out from the top of her head, and rolled slowly down her side until it fell hissing on the stove.

"Oh, come now, old girl," said the whiskey bottle, "draw it mild, do. If it comes to respectability, I am as respectable as you are any day. I and my sweetheart, Polly, go into just as good society as you do."

"Your sweetheart, Polly! Polly who?" screamed the teapot. "A nice kind of dirty drab she must be to keep company with a disreputable blackguard like you. I shouldn't like to be seen in her society."

"Polly Naris," roared back the whiskey bottle, now thoroughly aroused. "And don't you call names. It's unladylike and vulgar, and never does any good. She is a

nice little girl—not a nasty, vixenish old maid, like you, who can see no good in anybody but yourself and your old maid friends.”

“Who’s calling names now?” retorted the teapot. “My old maid friends, indeed! I would have you know, you low scoundrel, that some of the most pious men in the country, clergymen, are my friends.”

And here the teapot gave a contemptuous sniff.

“Well,” said the whiskey bottle, coolly, “Lots of parsons like me, and Polly, too. And not parsons only, but lawyers and doctors, and lords and dukes and princes, and the Queen herself, God bless her!”

And here the whiskey bottle reverently raised the cork off the top of his head, for he is a loyal old chap, with all his faults.

I go into the drawing-rooms,” replied the teapot, proudly. “I should just like to see you and your Polly there.”

“Yes, and a nice mess you make of it, ruining the women’s nerves, and making the poor children puny

and sickly. It is *you*, with your narrow-minded ideas and stuck-up notions, who ought to be excluded from decent society."

"Oh, don't begin that argument," said the teapot, impatiently; "you haven't a leg to stand on."

"I've plenty of legs to stand on," rejoined the whiskey bottle, just a little incoherently. "But I can't *alway-sh—hic—stand on them.*"

"I suppose," here remarked the pipe, coming to his friend's assistance, "I suppose somebody will find fault with *me*, and want to kick *me* out next."

"You, indeed," screamed the teapot. "What right have *you* to offer an opinion, I should like to know?"

"Oh, everyone has a right to express his own opinion in this world," returned the pipe, nonchalantly. "I have always associated with learned men. I have lived at the large universities, and I travel about a good bit. I know very well what I am talking about."

"Well, don't do it again, then," snapped the teapot, viciously, and it

must be confessed somewhat inconsequently. "And as for *you*," she continued, turning to the whiskey bottle, "all the world knows that you ought not to be allowed to exist."

"The world doesn't treat me as if it thought so," returned the bottle, dryly. "Not *your* world, perhaps, but *my* world does. All the good, pure, right-thinking people say so. Besides, my church has condemned you, and that is quite sufficient in itself."

"Well, *my* church hasn't," returned the bottle, "and *my* church is a bigger church and an older church than yours. So, there!"

And what is more. I've got nearly all the doctors on my side. Why, what nonsense you talk; folks were my friends and stuck to me, and found health and comfort in my society before you were born or thought of. Pooh! you're nearly all water, anyway, and the rest of you is malice and spite. You're always talking about religion, you are; and you're not even mentioned

in the Bible. Whoever said you "made glad the heart of man" or "strengthened man's heart," or anything like that, I should like to know? I pity the poor fellow who marries you, that is, if any man is ever fool enough to make you an offer."

"Make *me* an offer," shrieked the teapot. "Do you think *I'd* ever marry a nasty, horrid, whiskey-loving *man*?"

"You couldn't very well marry another old teapot," put in the pipe. "Oh, *you* shut up," screamed the teapot, quite forgetting her gentility in her rage. "Nobody wants to hear what *you* have to say; nor you either," turning to the bottle. "If only dear Brother Howlandshout were here!"

"Oh, bother Brother Howlandshout! Who cares what he says? There are thousands of people who have never even heard of him. Now, if Cardinal ——!"

"Ah, h h!" screamed the teapot, trying to shut her ears, and scalding herself in the attempt, "I cannot

sit here and hear this. This is gross impiety. Don't talk to me about cardinals, and wicked things like that. Even *you* might take some pity on a lonely, unprotected female."

And again the hot tears rolled out and fell hissing on the stove.

"Well, old girl," said the bottle, good-naturedly, "I don't want to hurt your feelings; let us talk about doctors, then."

"Indeed, and indeed, I have doctors' friends, too," simpered the teapot, blushing.

"Precious few of them, and mostly cranks at that," remarked the pipe.

"Shut up, *you*," screamed the teapot.

"Well, let us talk about the statesmen, and the judges and the generals and admirals, who have honored me with their friendship, to say nothing of the kings and bish——"

"Oh, h'h'h!" howled the teapot. "Do stop; you don't know what your talking about. Everybody says so."

"Except the ——" commenced the pipe.

"Will you shut?" screamed the teapot, at the top of her voice, "or I'll——"

What she would have done will never be known, for just then the mistress of the house entered and stopped the discussion.

"You are, both of you, very good folks, *in your way*," she quietly remarked. "And I shall keep you both in your proper places. But I will not have my house disturbed any longer in this unseemly manner. If you would only follow the rules that I have laid down for your guidance you might live together in peace and charity, bearing with one another and helping one another instead of quarrelling like a lot of angry, old women. And as for you," she continued, turning to the teapot, "you should learn to respect other people's opinion, and not make yourself ridiculous by flying in a rage because you cannot make all the world conform to your own narrow ideas."

Curious Effect of Singing, on a Cat.

Mrs. C.'s voice had been carefully and expensively trained, and she allowed her poorer neighbours to become cognizant of that fact. She rarely allowed an opportunity of referring to Miss K., the well known, high-priced singing instructress, to pass, and strange to say this idiosyncrasy did not add to her popularity. On one occasion she was asked to sing at the house of her rich aunt, a number of guests being present. As she commenced her song, her aunt's favorite cat commenced to cross the floor, with conscious dignity peculiar to cats belonging to "unappropriated blessings," as a friend of mine designates maiden ladies of a certain age. The cat reached the centre of the floor just as Mrs. C. reached her highest note, and the draught produced by the latter, lifted pussy completely off her hind legs and carried her tail,

in spiral waves towards the ceiling. The cat's tail never came quite straight again, and Mrs. C.'s aunt sent for her lawyer the next day and altered her will. Mrs. C. has never been asked to sing, in that house, since.

Ideal Middle Age.

He was not too old to be young,
Nor was he too young to be old.
The hair on his chin nor too thick nor
too thin
Was a mixture of silver and gold.

The gold was the youth that was left.
The silver, experience gained.
Brain of man, heart of boy, he
learned to enjoy
The hale middle-age that remained.

He cared not for dogma nor creed.
Believed that God governed his life.
His motto from youth was, Love, Relief,
Truth.
The girl of his heart was.....his wife.

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“BOULEVERSEMENT.”

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several lines and appears to be a list or a series of entries, but the characters are too light to transcribe accurately.

"Bouleversement," Act I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. JAMESON, *an easy-going, truthful Englishman.*

MRS. JAMESON, *wife, a very fine lady.*

ARABELLA, *servant girl of the period.*

WAITER *of the period.*

SIMON SMART, *general agent.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene. Room at an hotel. Mr. Jameson, in travelling attire.

Mr. Jameson. "Well! here we are at last. Between the pitching and tossing at sea; and the running off the line, smashing into trains, and crashing through bridges on the railway, I'm completely used up. A man has to get accustomed to that sort of thing to enjoy it thoroughly. At present, I can't say I do. I suppose I was never intended for a traveller. Talk about the vast superiority of American railway travelling, over the English, for my

part, I really can't see it. All the way up, we had a man and his wife, and four children, with only one pocket-handkerchief between them, in the opposite section of the sleeping car. My wife says, those children had never been properly brought up; and I believed it. They tore my books and papers, climbed on my knees, and wiped their greasy fingers on my whiskers. Pah!! I should have remonstrated, but their father was a savage-looking ruffian, clad in the skins of wild beasts; and I have heard so much about pistol-shooting in this country, that I thought it best to grin and bear it. I wish Mrs. Jameson would come, and I'd order dinner. I've had nothing since seven o'clock this morning, and its now half-past two."

Enter MRS. JAMESON.

Mrs. Jameson. "Well, John, will the doctor soon be here?"

Mr. J. "The doctor! why, what do you mean? Who's seedy? Who wants the doctor?"

Mrs. J. "Is it possible you don't

know who wants the doctor? Oh, Mr. Jameson! how cruel! how inconsiderate? how *barbarous*! Can you for one moment imagine, that after all the hardships I have had to endure; all that my poor, feeble nerves have had to bear, that I, Mr. Jameson, could exist any longer without consulting a medical man? Oh! what could have induced me to start upon this odious journey! I was so strongly advised not to do so." Sob, sob, sob.

Mr. F. "Oh! ah! yes, quite so. By the way, my love, don't you think it would be a good plan to order dinner? Upon my word, I'm awfully peckish; as hungry as a wolf. When I think of my escape from those pocket-handkerchiefless youngsters I"

Mrs. F. (screaming) "Oh!!! Mr. Jameson, have you no regard for my feelings? The very thought of those dreadful children makes me, oh! oh! oh! (sinks, sobbing hysterically, upon a sofa)."

Mr. F. (aside) "There she goes; she will keep that up for half an

hour, without a check, if no one disturbs her. Happy thought! let it work itself out, and, in the meantime, I'll order dinner. I wonder where the bell is! There is none. I suppose I must call. (Calls.) Waiter! waiter! waiter-r-r."

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. "Did you holler, Boss?"

Mr. F. "Holler? Oh, yes, look here, I want some dinner. Dinner for two, and be quick about it. What have you in the house?"

Waiter. "Well, Boss, I guess you won't get any dinner here to-day. Dinner's over two hours ago, and I guess you'll have to wait until supper time. Supper's at six."

Mr. F. "Do you mean to say I cannot have dinner until six o'clock? preposterous! I say my love (turning to Mrs. Jameson), this man says we can have no dinner until supper time."

Mrs. F. (suddenly recovering) "What? no dinner? no food for four hours? and I am dying for something to eat. Why don't you

make them give us something at once? I wish I were a man, instead of a poor, feeble, weak creature. The barbarians! the Hottentots! the Zulus!" (Goes off into hysterics.)

Waiter. "Well, well, well, what's your woman snorting about, now, Boss?"

Mrs. F. (suddenly recovering). "Snorting! snorting! did the wretch say 'snorting?' Oh that I!! Oh!!" (Goes off again into hysterics.)

Mr. F. (sternly). "Leave the room, sir, and tell your master I wish to speak with him. I wonder what that man means by calling me Boss? It really is excessively rude. But then, you know, what can one do? All these fellows carry pistols, and bowie knives and things. Boss—when I was a boy I used to learn Latin. Bos, an ox, genitive bovis, of an ox, etc., etc. It is really very unpleasant to be called an ox, by a big fellow like that."

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. "Well, Boss, the Boss says he can't come because he's

busy. But, he says, as you are green, and don't know nothing, you can have some cold victuals in the dining-room."

Mr. F. "Boss again! Very disagreeable. I've a great mind to kick the impertinent scoundrel; better not tho', he may have a pistol. (Turning to Mrs. J.) I say, my love, we can have some cold dinner. Rouse yourself, my dear."

Waiter. (kindly). "Perhaps the poor woman would like a drink of water. Shall I fetch one?"

Mrs. F. (recovering and springing to her feet). "The impertinent wretch. He calls me a *woman, me!!!* Oh, Mr. Jameson, will you stand there and hear him insult me? *Woman*, indeed!! Oh! if I were but a man." (Prepares to go into hysterics again).

Mr. F. "Come along, my dear, and have some dinner." [*Exeunt.*]

End of Scene i.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Office of hotel. *Simon Smart* appears, reading a newspaper, and smoking a cigar, sitting on one chair, with his feet on the back of another.

Enter MR. JAMESON.

Mr. J. "Well, thank goodness we have had dinner, and my wife is asleep. Now I can collect my ideas, and look about me. I wish, now, I had brought letters of introduction. I have no one to advise me. (*Simon Smart* eyes him over the top of his paper). We heard that, in this country, a man with a little money, judiciously invested, may become immensely rich; money doubles, trebles itself in no time. I have a great mind to speak to this person. Upon my word, he looks very intelligent. I'll sound him. There is nothing like making new acquaintances. (*Approaches Simon Smart*). Ahem! Fine day, sir. Fine country this."

Simon S. "Yes, it is so. I guess

you're a stranger? Just landed, likely?"

Mr. J. "Yes, we have just arrived here. Beastly—(aside: I was just going to say, beastly railway, but I will not. He would probably shoot me) I mean—that is—a fine line of railway. You are enterprising people on this side of the Atlantic."

Simon S. "That's so. We're enterprising enough; but we want capital. Now, in this country a man with a little capital, *who is not above taking advice*, may realize a handsome fortune in no time. Just got to take things easy and let his money accumulate. I remember one young fellow—an Englishman. He was sent out to me with £1,000 to invest. I says to him, says I, leave it to me, and all you've got to do is to knock around and enjoy yourself. Well, I just turned that money over and over for him, and he'd have been a rich man now if——"

Mr. J. "If! If what?"

Simon S. "If he had not lifted his little finger (confidentially)

—old rye, cocktails, juleps, brandy smashes, Tom Collinses and such like from morning to night."

Mr. Z. "Little finger! old rye! cocktails! smash brandies and somebody Collinses! Oh! The man is mad, you know. What on earth does he mean?"

Simon S. "Yes, yes; killed himself drinking, poor fellow. He was a nice young man, too, and not above taking a little friendly advice as to the investment of his money."

Mr. Z. "Oh, I see. Poor fellow! (Aside: It seems to me that I have hit upon the very man for my purpose. I shall consult him). "Well, now, supposing such a case. Ahem! that is, I mean if *another* young man, who does *not* lift his little finger, nor indulge in what-do-you-call-it-tails, and thing-um-bob brandies, and what's-his-name-Collinses, and who has a thousand pounds, or even two or three, or say six or seven thousand pounds, could you, do you think, put him in the way of, ahem! turning it over to advantage?"

Simon S. "Could I? Couldn't I? Why, stranger, I'd make him a handsome fortune in the twinkling of a mosquito's eye—a handsome fortune, sir. (Aside: I rather think I *could* turn it over to advantage to Simon Smart. Yes, siree! Here's a greenhorn; here's a pretty pigeon all ready to be plucked. I must commence with great caution, tho', so as not to scare the pretty bird)."

Mr. F. "Well, you see, I am, ahem! a stranger in the place, and I——"

Simon S. "Oh, yes, I see. Traveling for pleasure—taking a look at the country."

Mr. F. "Not exactly that. The fact is I wish to invest a little money, *profitably* and *securely*; and if you could give me the name of a reliable lawyer, for instance, I——"

Simon S. "*Lawyer*, stranger! *Don't do it*. Of course, it's no object to *me*; but take my advice, and *don't*."

Mr. F. "Why not. I have always thought that a lawyer was the proper person to consult in affairs of this kind."

Simon S. "Because a lawyer will tell you to invest in mortgages—first mortgages, at eight per cent. That's *their* style; and there's nothing to be made out of it—a bare living simply. Now—of course it's no business of mine; but if you take *my* advice you'll turn your attention to *shares*. Shares in mines, shares in railways, shares in banks, shares in telegraph companies. Thousands of shares and thousands of dollars to be made out of them. Now, if *I* had twenty, thirty, forty thousand dollars kicking around loose I should just sit still and smoke my pipe and let my money accumulate. You understand me?—a-c, ac, k-e-r, cer, m-e-r, mer, l-a-t-e, late, accumulate—that's the word. But I've no right to offer any advice, so I'll say good afternoon."

Mr. J. "Stop a bit; that is, excuse me; but if you are in no particular hurry I should like to, ahem! You know——"

Simon S. (aside.) "I rather guess I *do* know, and *I'm not in a hurry.*"
(To Mr. J.) "'Pon my word, I'm

very sorry; must be off, though. Business is business, and I must go."

Mr. J. "Could I see you again, say this evening?"

Simon S. (considering). "Well, yes, I guess I might drop in again this evening. But mind, I don't want you to be advised by *me*."

Mr. J. "As it appears to be the custom of the country, will you come in and take something?"

Simon S. "Well, stranger, I'm always willing to be obliging; I don't mind if I do." [Exeunt.

Re-enter MR. J.

Mr. J. "That is what comes of keeping one's eyes open. Why, he's the very man for my purpose. Shrewd to a degree, blunt, straightforward and honest. A child might detect *honesty* written in capital letters all over his features. Another thing I like about the man is that he does not push himself forward. I detest those inquisitive, impertinent fellows, who are forever poking their noses into other people's

business. He has promised to come over this evening and have a quiet chat with Mrs. Jameson and myself. I must prepare Mrs. J. for the interview; though she has prejudices—*strong ones*. But now that we are on this side of the Atlantic she must be induced to lay them aside." [Exit.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

Scene. Private sitting room at hotel. Mrs. Jameson, reclining on sofa. Mr. Jameson seated beside her with a fan and eau de cologne. A knock.

Mr. J. "Oh, here he is. Come in.

Enter SIMON SMART, dressed in black, with immense display of shirt front and huge diamond breast pin.

Simon S. "Good evening, sir. Your servant, ma'am."

Mr. J. "Now, remember, my love, pocket your prejudice and say, Good evening."

Mrs. J. (languidly). "Good evening, Mr. er—er—"

Simon S. "Simon Smart, ma'am. That's the name I've hailed by since I was a babby. You look real sick though. Well, well, well, women folk do play out *some* after a journey. You'll feel spryer after a bit. Fine climate, ma'am; fine people and fine country, though I say it. We are hospitable folk, ma'am. *Always ready to take the stranger in.*"

Mr. F. "Take a chair, Mr. Smart, and we will proceed straight to business. I have no secrets from my wife, and if you feel disposed to give us any advice, why, it's only right that she should have the benefit of it, as well as myself."

Mrs. F. (faintly). "He smells of tobacco. I fear I shall not be able to endure his presence."

Mr. F. "On, nonsense, my love. (Fans her furiously). You *must* lay aside your prejudices. Well, Mr. Smart, I will state my case simply and clearly, and if you can assist me, why, of course, I shall be very happy to—er—you know, anything in the way of commission."

Simon S. (Aside: "You can

trust this coon to look out for number one.") "Oh, don't mention it. If I can be of any use, I'm sure I'm most happy."

Mr. F. "I found that my capital would not admit of my living in England, as Mrs. Jameson and myself have been accustomed to live; and, by the advice of friends, we came out here, trusting that the higher rate of interest to be obtained for money, and the small expense of living, would enable us, in time, to save enough to resume our true position at home. Ahem. I have just £15,000 to invest, and I am anxious to put it out to the very best advantage. Now, what do you advise?"

Simon. S. (Aside: "About \$70,000. Mind your eye, Simon, and you're a made man.") "Now, look here, stranger, I would rather *not* advise. It is a delicate matter, and if you *should* lose a cent, yes, only one red cent, through me, I could never forgive myself, *never*. I think, perhaps, after all, you had better consult a lawyer. Say, does your

missus mind smoke? Cos' if she does, I'll chaw."

Mrs. J. "He will do *what*? What *does* he mean? Smoke!! Oh the savage! To think that I have brought myself to this!" (Prepares to go into hysterics.)

Mr. J. (Fanning and administering eau de Cologne.) "You *must* calm yourself, my dear, and try to lay aside your prejudices." (To S. S.) "Oh dear, no, Mrs. Jameson *delights* in smoke. Pray light your cigar." (Aside: "One must humour these people. if one wants to get anything out of them.")

Simon S. "No, I guess I'll chaw. Don't want to disoblige a lady." (Aside: "Guess she'll soon be cured of her squeamishness in this country.")

Mr. J. "I think you said that it would *not* be a judicious plan for one who wishes to realize a large fortune, in a short space of time, to consult a lawyer. In fact, I fancied that you hinted that *you* could put one in the way of accumulating property, surely and without risk."

Simon S. (to the audience).
 "Now, what *is* a fellow to do with a greenhorn like this? As a conscientious man, I feel that I ought to teach him a lesson. What *he* wants is *experience*, and plenty of it, laid on thick, you understand. What I want is money, and lots of it. My duty is clear. *I* have experience; *he* has money. *I* guess *we'll* trade. (To Mr. J.) Well, remember this, I don't want you to be advised by me. I have not shoved myself in upon you, have I?"

Mr. J. "No, certainly not. Pray proceed."

Simon S. "I *could* recommend certain shares, but I don't know but what I should be betraying confidence if I did so. If you'll promise to keep mum, I'll put you on a safe track."

Mr. J. "I promise, as a man of honour and a gentleman."

Simon S. "That'll do. I think you're square. Now, follow me. Don't touch first mortgages. Don't touch Government bonds, and don't touch bank stock. I once knew a

man who lost money by handling bank stock. A man may lose money that way as easy as a girl can learn what she ought'nt at a public school. Now, there's a company being formed in this town, of which I—ahem—have the honour to be president. We have a secretary, an overseer, a superintendent, a treasurer, an inspector (each drawing a good salary), a board of directors, a purpose and a name. But at present our stock is not *all* subscribed for. In fact, we require a small amount of ready money in addition to the funds we have on hand. So, stranger, there's your chance. I'll guarantee that every individual that has a finger in our pie will have good, solid reasons to remember the day on which he became a shareholder."

Mr. J. "Bless me! How much do you require? (To *Mrs. J.*) You see, my love, here's a fortune dropped at our feet out of the clouds, as it were. What do you think of it?"

Mrs. J. (faintly). "He smells of tobacco."

Mr. J. “Pooh, nonsense, all prejudice, my dear. (To S. S. clapping him on the back) How much shall it be? Nobody shall say that I let a chance, like this, slip by.”

Simon S. (promptly) “Twenty thousand dollars.”

Mr. J. “You shall have it tomorrow. By the way, I must look about for some place of residence, servants, furniture, a horse, and all that sort of thing. It’s an awful nuisance.”

Simon S. (reflectively). “It strikes me, now, that I heard of a house, all ready furnished, for sale—a dead bargain, too—only the other day. I *know* I heard of a man who knew of another man that has a horse for sale. As to servants, they *are* hard to pick up, that’s a fact. You see, our girls are educated somewhat differently now to what they used to be; and folks has to pay school taxes accordingly. At the Public Schools they learn algebra, and poetry, and music, and high art, and at some of the old-fashioned ones, they teach them to read and write

and cipher as well. Consequently, our girls all want to be ladies, and keep a store; and our boys all want to be gentlemen, and keep a store, too."

Mr. F. "What's a store?"

Simon S. "Oh! a place where they sell silk, and satin, and ploughs and anchors, and books, and whiskey, and boots, and candies, and guns, and pianos, and things."

Mr. F. "I see. So you think it will be difficult to get a servant?"

Simon S. "Well, it might. But it strikes me that I heard of a highly respectable young woman, the other day, who was willing to live out at service. If you like, I'll . . ."

Mr. F. "Thanks, if you would be so kind; and also to find out about the house, and the horse."

Simon S. "I'll do the best I can for you. (Aside: And for myself, too. Let me see, house and furniture worth five thousand dollars; charge him seven thousand five hundred, fair commission. Horse worth seventy-five; charge him a hundred and fifty—fair commission,

a man must live. I should'nt be surprised if I treated myself to a fresh box of cigars before long. When a man takes upon himself the duties of a *middle man* he must be well paid for his trouble. Ask any *middle man* in this country, if that's not so)."

Mr. F. "Thanks. I really am extremely obliged to you."

Simon S. "Don't mention it. Now I must be going. Good night, maam. Good night, sir."

Mr. F. "Good night. I shall see you in the morning?"

Simon S. "Yes. Good night."

[Exit.

Mrs. F. (rousing herself). "Now, Mr. Jameson, I'll thank you to call in a doctor at once."

Mr. F. "A doctor! What for my love?"

Mr. F. "Can you ask me, when I have been shut up for hours with a man who eats—devours—raw tobacco. Oh! my poor, poor nerves." (Hysterics).

Mr. F. Rings the bell. Enter Waiter.

Mr. J. "Run for a doctor, quick."

Waiter. "What's the matter, Boss? Old lady got the strikes again. I can cure her. Fillip her nose." (Approaches Mrs. J. and fillips her nose).

Mrs. J. "Oh, you wretch." (Seizes a footstool and hits waiter on the head, then makes for Mr. J., who vanishes. Vents her fury on the waiter). Curtain falls.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

Sitting-room in hotel. Mrs. Jameson reclining in a luxurious arm-chair fanning herself; scent bottle in hand.

Mrs. J. "It is really too bad! Mr. Jameson has gone off with that odious creature, Smart, who eats tobacco, to see a horse; and he has left me, a poor, feeble, weak creature, to have an interview with one of the natives, a girl—or perhaps I should say 'a young female native,' with a view to hiring her as my servant. (Looks at her watch.) She should be here soon. I wonder what she will be like—a quiet,

modest, timid, awkward creature, no doubt, who will be absolutely terror-stricken at finding herself for the first time in the presence of a lady. Ah! there she is. Come in."

Enter ARABELLA JANE, extravagantly dressed, with huge Gainsborough hat, turned up with scarlet, simpering, and endeavoring to appear perfectly at her ease.

Ara. "How de do! Glad to make your acquaintance. It's a real treat to see fresh faces here." (Holds out her hand.)

Mrs. J. (haughtily). "Really, I, ah! I was expecting a young person called Snubb."

Ara. "That's me. I'm Miss Arabella Jane Snubb. Glad to see you. Real nice weather, ain't it now?"

Mrs. J. (aside.) "She's Arabella Jane Snubb!!! Absurd! ridiculous! preposterous! I could never think of hiring a creature like this."

Ara. "Mr. Smart—nice gentleman. Mr. Smart, ain't you acquainted? He's a friend of my

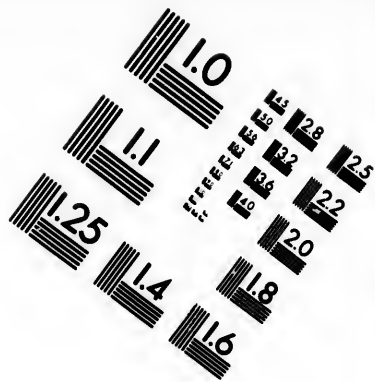
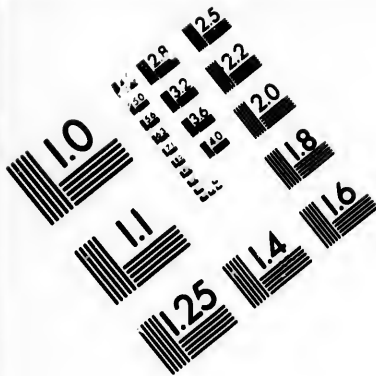
pa-a-a's; and he come around last night and said as how you wanted a young lady to help wash up, and cook and scrub and sich. I'm delicate myself; but I said I didn't mind coming, seein' you English is so helpless. (Confidentially.) See here, now: if you'll do the washing and the ironing and the cooking, light all the fires, make up the rooms and milk the cow, if you keep one, I'll do the rest. I guess I'll take off my hat and sit down and be sociable a bit. You must be réal lonesome here, that's a fact. I see you've got a pie-anner here, too. I'll play something presently. Pa-a-a and Mr. Smart, he, he, say I have an elegant touch. But then, you see, I don't get much time for practice between French and Italian and German, algebra, Latin, Hebrew, Greek, rhetoric, phy-loserphy, and all them things we learn to school, we don't get much time for other things. But I've quit school now, I have, and I guess I'll learn the tailoring business now; all the girls does, cos its *genteel*. I

guess I won't mind living with you for a bit, just to put you in the way of things and to oblige Mr. Smart, you know."

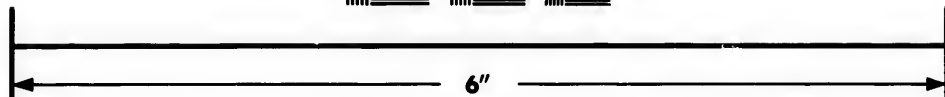
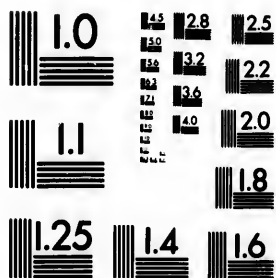
Mrs. J. (sarcastically.) "Really, I feel indebted to you already. But as my health will scarcely admit of my doing the washing and ironing and the cleaning and cooking, to say nothing of the milking, I am afraid we shall not be able to come to terms."

Ara. "I should have said scrubbing, too, didn't I say scrubbing? I can't abear scrubbing; it *do* make the hands so indelicate. But if you're too sick to do them sort of things I guess I know of another girl who would come in to help me; and we'd run you between us."

Mrs. J. (still sarcastic.) "That is a most tempting offer. I must consider it, and talk it over with Mr. Jameson. In the meantime I am afraid I must deprive myself of the pleasure of your company. I do not feel quite up to entertaining strangers at present. So good afternoon."



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Ara. (Aside: "Ain't she stand off like?") "Well, good afternoon. Whenever you feel lonesome just you send for me, and I'll drop in and cheer you up. Good afternoon."

[*Exit.*

Mrs. J. "I feel as if I should faint. I—oh! what shall I do? (Drops on sofa, but springs suddenly up.) I forgot that horrid waiter man. If I fainted he might come in and take liberties with my nose again."

Enter MR. JAMESON AND SIMON SMART.

Mr. J. (cheerfully.) "Well, my love, here we are again."

Simon S. Your's obedient, ma'am. Feeling kinder perkier, I hope? If I was you, I'd *smile* a little more frequent."

Mrs. J. "*Smile!* What does the man mean? Impertinence!!"

Mr. J. "He does not mean it for impertinence, my dear. 'Smile' is the Choctaw for taking stimulant. Well, I've seen the house, and I've bought the horse and the shares in Mr. Smart's company."

Mrs. F. "Indeed! May I ask what is the object of the company? I mean is it railway or mining or what? I have no head for business, but I have a sort of dim idea that one ought to enquire about these things; and I presume it has never occurred to *you* to do so?"

Mr. F. "Upon my word, my dear, it never *did* occur to me to ask. My great object is to strike while the iron is hot. I daresay Mr. Smart can enlighten you. All I know is that I am a large shareholder, and that's all I care about. I have opened a bank account, and Mr. Smart will see that the dividends, or whatever they are called, are paid in weekly to my credit."

Mrs. F. "How delightful! Still, Mr. Jameson, I should like to know something about the company. You, ahem! perhaps forget that you are at least *partly* indebted to *me* for the money you are investing."

Mr. F. (Aside: "No fear of forgetting that.") "Certainly, my love; very right and proper. Ask Mr. Smart."

Simon S. (Aside: "I guess the missus is head of the firm. I must mind my p's and q's. Strange, now, that women should have cuter business instincts than their husbands. They have, though, that's a fact. But then, as a set-off against that *they are hampered with a conscience*, or some such tomfoolery as that. It strikes me, if I'd been born a woman with a good serviceable conscience, or none at all, I'd have made a fortune long ago. As it is, if the old lady don't trip me up, I shall do pretty well. (Turning to Mrs. J.) The object of this company, maam, is to buy up patents. Patents are often frauds. Public robbery licensed. Now, there's the 'Rocky Mountain Indian Scalp Renovator.' Sheer swindle, made of hair oil and gin. Sells for a dollar a bottle. We shall offer it to the public for twenty-five cents, and make a clear profit of twenty cents a bottle. Then there's Jones' Hair Frizzler (I'll send you over a box to try)—they sell them for fifty cents per box. We shall put them at fifteen and

gain ten, thereby. Swindleum's Patent Electrified Oil; cures the whooping-cough in pigs and cattle, headaches, toothache, and especially high strikes—put that in for her benefit—in humans; answers for hair oil, boot polish *and* (enthusiastically) its bully good stuff to take after a big drunk. I'll send you some. Oh, our company is going to be a big thing, maam, a big thing, you bet."

Mrs. F. "Well, I am sure I hope it will, now that Mr. Jameson is interested in it. I, also, have been busy this afternoon. I have had a visitor, Miss Stubbs."

Simon S. "Oh, Arabella. Fine slip of a girl, ain't she? Genteel, too, you bet. Did she play the pianner for you? Well educated, too. Speaks French and Italian like a German. She'll suit you well."

Mrs. F. "I must confess I have my doubts. She seems inclined to be forward, not to know her place. I—that is, we are not accustomed to such highly accomplished servants."

Simon S. "I daresay not, maam,

you *are* a stick-in-the-mud lot on the other side, that's a fact. Here, we're all for going ahead and turning things upside down, 'bullyversing them,' as the French say."

Mrs. F. "Subverting the order of things. So I see. And I suppose one must submit to it."

Simon S. "Of course you must. Arabella will suit you well. All you have to do is to take the hard work off her shoulders, *and hold your tongue*, and you'll get on together like clockwork."

Mrs. F. (indignant). "Hold my tongue, sir!!!"

Simon S. "Yes. Don't always be nagging and finding fault, if the work aint done; or the cups and saucers get broken; or the dinner not on time, and so on. Our girls aint used to it; and, what's more, they will not put up with it. It always drives them to matrimony or something of that sort."

Mrs. F. "I am extremely obliged to you for your advice, sir, and I trust I shall never drive any unfortunate girl to commit anything so dreadful."

Simon S. "I'm sure you will not, ma'am. (Aside: 'She's a stiff-necked old party; but she'll get some of the starch taken out of her before long)."

Mr. F. "Owing to Mr. Smart's disinterested kindness, my dear, we shall be able to move into our house immediately."

Simon S. (Aside: "Disinterested, eh; I wonder if he sees any green in my eye.")

Mrs. F. "I am sure I am delighted to hear it, for I am heartily tired of this hotel life. (To S. S.: Are you going? well, good night)."

[Exit *Simon Smart*.]

Mrs. F. "Somehow I cannot bring myself to like that man. He smells horribly of tobacco; and I doubt his honesty."

Mr. F. "Prejudice, my love; all prejudice."

Mrs. F. "That's what you always say. How cruel you are! I feel quite faint even now."

Mr. F. "Shall I ring for the waiter, my love?"

Mrs. F. "You wretch!" (Springs to her feet and leaves the room).

Mr. J. "There she goes. I have dropped on several good things since I have been in this country, and by no means the least valuable, a cure for hysterics. I shall reward that waiter liberally." [Exit.

ACT I. SCENE 5.

Scene. Mr. Jameson lying on a sofa, his head and one leg bandaged.

Mr. J. "Well, I've tried my horse, and taken the consequences. Horse started off and I pulled the reins. The harder I pulled, the faster he went. We met a buggy, as they call them here, and I pulled off to the left. I'll be shot if the other fellow didn't pull straight into me. The result was a smash. Afterwards I had the whole thing explained to me. The horses in this country are taught to go when they are pulled upon, and to stop when the reins are loosened. And the people pass each other on the wrong side, when driving. It is a complete bouleversement of the order of things; but, as my wife very truly remarks, one is apt to find that in this part of the world."

Enter MRS. JAMESON.

Mrs. J. "Well, my dear, how is your head?"

Mr. J. "Very painful."

Mrs. J. "And your leg? Does it feel any easier?"

Mr. J. "Somewhat easier. I think I shall go to my dressing-room and put on another cold water bandage. Now I think of it, though, there is no water there."

Mrs. J. "I will tell Arabella to take some in. Where is the bell? There is none. I must call. Arabella! (No answer.) Arabella. (No answer.) (Louder still)—Arabella!"

Ara. (from below). "That'll do. I'm coming."

Enter ARABELLA.

Ara. (to Mr. J.). "How do you feel yourself now? Kinder stiff, I guess. A feller feels real mean, now, when he goes and smashes up his head and legs that way. I remember my pa-a-a, he got jacked up that way once, but he'd been lifting his little finger, and, says I——"

Mrs. F. (haughtily). "Arabella, Mr. Jameson wants some cold water taken to his dressing-room."

Ara. (blandly). "Is *that* so?" Well, the pump is just outside the door, and you'll find a pail handy somewheres in the kitchen. And, say! while you're down there just put a stick in the fire, and see that the cakes ain't burning. I'll sit with your man a bit, and cheer him up."

Mrs. F. (distractedly). "Did you ever hear such gross impertinence? I believe she thinks I'm going to pay her, and do all the work myself. (To Arabella.) I will thank *you* to go and get the water at once. And never presume to sit down again in my presence."

Ara. "If you think I'm going to lug pails of water about, you're mistaken. And as to sitting down, why shouldn't I?"

Mrs. F. "Because it is impertinent, and shews a great want of respect. Are you going to do as I bid you, or not?"

Ara. "I guess *not*. It's no use"

getting mad. You'll find that out before you've been in this country long. Jack's as good as his master here; and I guess Arabella is as good as her missus, and maybe a trifle better."

Mrs. J. "Leave the house at once, and never dare to set your foot in it again. (Leaves the room and calls from outside)—Mr. Jameson! Mr. Jameson!"

Mr. J. "Coming, my love." (rises painfully and follows her.)

Ara. "Well, now, did you ever? Ain't them English awful? I never could get along with that woman. She'd never suit me, never."

Enter SIMON SMART.

Simon S. (looking round the room). "Where's Mr. Jameson? I knocked, and made a noise in the hall, but nobody came, so I thought I'd step in. I have important news for him, but I guess he won't relish it. The company's bust up. Treasurer and secretary left suddenly for Brazil, and took all they could lay their hands on with them. All

that's saved of the wreck is the twenty thousand dollars Mr. J. handed to me. *He'll* lose that, of course, and it's all *I* shall save. The thousand dollars I invested myself has gone to everlasting smash."

Ara. (sympathetically). "Oh dear, Mr. Smart, I'm so sorry."

Simon S. "For Mr. Jameson? So am I, poor fellow. *He'll* know better next time, though, you bet. And it's an ill wind that blows *no one* good."

Ara. "I meant, for you, Si—I mean Mr. Smart."

Simon S. "Oh, for me! I'm all right. Of course I shall lose what *I* put in; but then you see I save what *he* put in. And that, together with several little commissions, to the tune of about five hundred dollars, that I've made out of him, will keep me going for a bit. Ahem, I say Arabella, you know what I was speaking to you about the other day, eh? Don't you think you could conclude to say 'yes' to a fellow, now?"

Ara. "Oh, go way. If you would promise to keep me a horse I might."

Simon S. "I'll keep a horse for you darling. (Aside: I'll give the one that broke old Jameson's head. He sold it to me this morning for twenty dollars)."

Ara. "And a servant?"

Simon S. "Oh, certainly. (Aside: I guess Mrs. J. will be wanting a place now.) I'll give you anything if you'll only name a day."

Ara. (ugly). "I've heard there's no time like the present."

Simon S. "That's so, come right along and we'll get hitched. The way we do business in this country is no slouch, you bet."

ACT I. SCENE 6.

Simon Smart seated in Mr. Jameson's house.

Simon S. "This sort of thing can't go on much longer. I'm real tired of it, so I am. You see, when that a-a-ass of an Englishman went and lost all his money, through fooling around after shares and other things he did not understand, I did the liberal thing by him; yes siree. No one can call Simon Smart a

mean man. I hired this house from him, and paid him a liberal rent for it, twenty-five dollars a year. Then me and Arabella got spliced. Smart girl, Arabella, doubly smart now, smart by nature and *Smart* by name. How's that for high? She can't do anything with that stupid Englishwoman, Jameson, tho'. She took her on to help around the house, but the critter is as helpless as an infant. She has given up high-striking, tho'. I hustle old man Jameson around pretty lively, I tell you. He cleans my boots, cuts the wood—and his toes, too—and cheres round, generally. I give him his grub, and let him sleep here. (Goes to the door and calls.) Hi you! hullo Jameson, hain't you got them boots cleaned yet? Hurry up now."

Mr. F. "Coming, sir, coming." (Appears with boot under one arm, polishing another).

Simon S. "Look a here now, you've got to be smarter, I tell you. You're the ungratefulest man I ever seen. I'm sure I have put myself about to give you a shove, ever since

you came to the country, and I can't make nothing out of you, nohow. What is you English good for, anyhow?"

Mr. F. (dolefully). "To think that I should come to this."

Simon S. "Come to *what*? You're always a grumbling and a growling, you are. If you don't like it you can leave it. Where would you have been now, if you hadn't met me, I'd like to know?"

Mr. F. "If I had not met you, I should certainly never have been here."

Simon S. "Do you mean to say that *I* had anything to do with your losing your money? Did I advise you to rush headlong into reckless speculation? I guess not. You just hurry up and clean them boots and give me no more of *your* lip or I'll kick you and your old baggage of a wife into the street."

Enter Mrs. Jameson, breathless, flourishing a letter in one hand and a saucepan in the other.

Mrs. F. "Oh, my dear, my dear!

Joy! rapture! emancipation! No; I mean grief, sorrow and desolation. I'm so glad! No; I'm so sorry. Poor, dear, old thing! At last! at last!"

Simon S. "I guess that woman is mad."

Mr. J. "Yes, sir. My poor wife's brain has most undoubtedly succumbed under the burden of your rascality."

Simon S. "My rascality! What do you mean? Clear out of my house this minute, and take your crazy wife with you."

Mrs. J. (To her husband.) "Your Aunt Mary is dead, and we have now £1,000 a year. Let us lose no time in leaving this dreadful place."

Mr. J. "Aunt Mary dead! Hurrah! No, no! I mean—I don't quite know what I mean. Lend me your handkerchief, my love. Poor, dear old girl! She was always turning up at the very nick of time. And now (sob) she has turned up her dear old toes (sob) to save us from slavery."

Enter ARABELLA.

Ara. "Jemimer, Jemimer! (to Mrs. J.) Oh! here you are. Do you ever intend to finish scouring that saucepan? A pretty piece of business! I suppose, now, you expect me to pay you and do all the work myself. If I was Mr. Smart I'd kick——"

Simon S. "Shut up, Arabella Jane."

Mrs. J. "Take your old saucepan and scour it yourself." (Claps the saucepan on Arabella's head.)

Ara. (turning to audience with the saucepan on her head, handle to the front) "The woman must be mad. Simon, what does it mean?"

Simon S. "The old chap's aunt is dead, and has left him lots of money. Be cautious, or we shall not get any of it. (To Mr. J.) I'm sure I'm real glad to hear of your good luck, sir. Allow me to take that boot. Sorry for the good lady, your aunt, though. Most happy to see your good lady and yourself, as long as you will make my poor house your home."

"*Ara.* "Oh, certainly, *dear Mrs. Jameson.* I guess I'll give you the front room, the one you used to like, you know, when the house belonged to——"

Simon S. "Arabella Jane, hush up. Don't go a-raking up old times; thought you had more gumption than that."

Mr. F. "Thanks. I am much obliged to you. But since Fortune has seen fit to wheel me back into my old place again, I think I shall go home, and not tempt her any more. At any rate, I have learned how to blacken boots and cut wood, and now I think I can take better care of my money."

Mrs. F. "And I've learned how to scour pots and pans. Look at that saucepan." (Points to one on Arabella's head.)

Simon S. "Well, I guess I've done pretty well, too. If you *should* hear of any more Englishmen coming out here, *with money to invest*, send them to me, and I'll look after them."

Mr. F. (sardonically) "Oh, cer-

tainly, after I have written a book relating my experience, and given each a copy. What shall I call it?"

Mrs. Z. "Call it 'Bouleversement,' my dear."

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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VERSES.



A Summer Verselet.

Down towards a pretty lakelet, strolled
a maid with pretty hair.
Upraised was her charming noselet, to
inhale the summer air ;
With her lovely dark brown eyelets
gazing at the summer sky,
Such a maid was gentle Minnie hee
hee, ha ha, hi hi hi.

Little flowerlets hid their headlets, by
her footlets pressed to earth ;
Then they raised them when she passed
them, breaking forth in joyous mirth:
"Minnie hee hee, Minnie ha ha, Minnie
hi hi, where's your beau ?
Minnie Minnie hee hee, ha ha, hi hi hi
hi, ho ho ho."

On the brinklet of the lakelet stood the
maiden Minnie fair.
And the riplelets of the wavelets kissed
her feetlets white and bare.
Laughing, cried to one another : "This
is Minnie, don'tcher know ?
Minnie hee hee, Minnie ha ha, Minnie
hi hi, ho ho ho."

'Neath the wavelets sat a crablet, joy
depicted in his eyes,
As he watched her cosey toelets, and
prepared a sweet surprise.
When she felt his gentle pinchlet, rang
her screamlet loud and far.
Cried the crablet, "Caught ze Minnie
hee hee, hi hi, ha ha ha."

From the woodlets strode her beaulet,
flushed with anger, brave and grand,
And he grasped a little clublet in his
firm determined hand,
Seized the crablet by its throatlet, dashed
its brains out, then cried he :
"I have saved you Minnie ha ha, Minnie
you must marry me."

Soon he led her to the churchlet where
the priestlet made them one.
There we'll leave them, bridelet, groom-
let, happiest pair beneath the sun,
While the bell-lets in the towerlet lift
their joyous clappers high,
Ringing loudly "Happy Minnie hee hee,
ha ha, hi hi hi."

A Winter Verselet.

IN spite of the stern editorial frown on
the stern editorial brow,
Which the office-boys hail as a presaging
sign of a royal editorial row.

IN spite of the horror my theme will
arouse in the editor's bosom, you
know,

I shall send in the following beautiful
lines on the beautiful, beautiful
snow.

Ah! who does not pity the editor's wife,
when she looks out of window and
sees

The first fall of beautiful snow on the
ground, the beautiful snow on the
trees?

When she timidly asks him, "Dear,
what would you like for breakfast
before you go?"

And he answers, "A dish of lunatic
poets, boiled alive in their beautiful
snow."

At the first fall of snow, the poets appear
approaching the editor's door,
And the beautiful snow which, adheres
to their feet, falls and melts on the
editor's floor,

And the smouldering fire in the editor's
eyes doth kindle and sparkle and
glow,

As each one produces and hands him
his lines on the beautiful, beautiful
snow.

And after the first fall of beautiful snow,
if you look in the papers, you'll see
A terrible record of editors' deaths, who
have perished by *felo-de-se*.

(This is one of the risks that insurance
men dread, for the companies very
well know

That, of editors, not one in ten can sur-
vive the first fall of beautiful snow.)

Tradition relates that a wonderful sight
may be seen by the curious and
brave,

Who, after the first fall of beautiful snow,
shall visit an editor's grave.

Loud groaning is heard, the earth is
upheaved, produced by the efforts
below

Of the corpse to get rid of the terrible
weight of the beautiful, beautiful
snow.

The Cawing of the Crow.

A SPRING VERSELET.

WHEN the weary winter's over with its
frost, and cold, and snow,
How refreshing 'tis to listen to the
cawing of the crow.
It reminds us that the calm, dark stream
will be a roaring flood.
It reminds us that we soon shall wade
knee-deep in slimy mud.
It reminds the farmer that he soon must
plough, and sow his grain ;
Each caw reminds him that the crows
will scratch it up again.
It reminds us that mosquitoes soon
upon one will alight ;
They are active little insects, and *you'll*
know them by their bite.
The weather prophets, I believe, take
warning from that caw,
And tell us that, ere July comes, we
may expect a thaw.
For cheering up our frozen hearts no
music that I know
Can compete at all successfully with
the cawing of the crow.

May, 1893.

OH, where are the buds that should be
on the trees ?
Oh, whence comes this frost-laden,
cold-giving breeze ?
And why doth the robin, attempting to
please
With his song, have to stop it, in order
to sneeze ?
The straw-bearing crow with his nest
to equip,
Has to pause after every aerial trip
To mix the seductive medicinal nip
For himself and his wife, for they've
both got la grippe.
Oh, why doth the whilom exemplary bee
Stay at home in her hive in the hollow,
old tree,
When she ought to be busy as busy
can be
Manufacturing honey for you and for
me ?
Oh, why do our thoughts travel far, far
away
To the land where all nature is smiling
and gay,
Where, 'midst cowslips and primroses,
little ones play,
And the hedge-rows are bright with the
sweet-scented May ?

The Nursery Car.

'Tis really just about enough to turn a
fellow's brain
To travel half a hundred miles with
babies in the train.
You can't help stepping on them as
they crawl about the floors,
Or you squeeze their little fingers in
the windows or the doors.

'Twould surely be better far, to
run a nursery car.
They could slumber and dream
or bellow and scream
In a nice, snug nursery car.

They utter piercing, piteous cries if you
touch them in the least,
And you hear their mothers' whisper,
"That man's a cruel beast."
They get their hands and faces smeared
with nasty, sticky stuff,
Then wipe them on your coat-sleeve, or
your lady friend's best muff.

'Twould surely, etc.

It makes a bashful man like me blush
redder than a rose
When an infant toddles up and lisps,
"Pease papa, bow my nose."

They really ought to be confined in
some sort of a pen,
For they always go for inoffensive, bash-
ful, nervous men.

'Twould surely, etc.

When you're tired of infant prattle, and
find it is no joke,
You take your pipe and baccy to have
a quiet smoke,
But, oh!!! when you come back again,
you feel inclined to swear,
To find a sweet babe sleeping in your
fur coat, on your chair.

'Twould surely, etc.

Their mothers think they're angels
quite, and so indeed they are,
But things so very precious ought to
have a special car.
I'd have it thickly padded and heated
well with steam,
And give the darlings lots of room to
kick and cry and scream.

In their own snug nursery car,
The proud young papa and
mamma, and grandparents
gray, would cheerfully pay
For a ride in the nursery car.

The Story of a Stuffed
Canary.

CANARY-BIRD Dick was a king in his
way,
As he sat in his gorgeous palace all
day,
And he whistled all day and half the
night;
And chirruped and sang with all his
might.
But Dick was alone, and he soon grew
tired
Of whistling and singing and being
admired.
His mistress perceiving that he was
alone,
Introduced Mr. Dick to Canary-bird
Joan.
And Dick said to her, "Twit-twitter,
twit-twee?"
Which, being translated, means, "Do
you love me?"
Canary-bird Joan hung her head down
and blushed,
And for once in his life Dickey's song
was hushed.

What Joan's answer was, I shall leave
you to guess,
When I tell you that "tweet" with
canaries, means "yes."
And so they were married. Before very
long,
Dick's children and grandchildren
joined in his song
And the village clerk said that "The
village choir—
Altho' every member sang like a brick—
Could not be compared with the off-
spring of Dick."
At last, the poor bird grew so puffed up
with pride,
That he suddenly moulted, then fell
down and died.

EPITAPH.

Hic jacet in pace canary-bird Dick
He is stuffed full of wool, and placed on
a stick.
He delighted his mistress for eight years
long
With his early matins and even-song.
Now, under this glass, poor Dick you
may spy.
Dead, alas!!! to the ear, but alive to
to the eye.

A Modern Sea Song.

Ho, double reef the smoke stack, haul
taut the furnace doors,
The smuts and sparks fly o'er us, the
'scape pipe loudly roars.

†Our captain is a steamer bold, a
steamer bold is he.

Our ship's the staunchest iron tank
that ever went to sea.

When tempests roar round us, and
stormy winds do blow,

'Tis then the gallant stoker men all
"rattle down below,"

While sea-sick lubbers from the shore
bemoan their fate, and oft

Cry wildly for the steward, as they toss
about aloft.

What, tho' the seas break o'er us, in
their snug cabin aft,

The wheelmen grand, in comfort stand,
in their snug cabin aft.

Nor strain their ears to catch the sound
of "port," or "starboard" cries

For the telegraphic dial is just before
their eyes.

†If a man who sails a ship is a "sailor" why should
not he who steams one, be called a "steamer?"

Boreas bold, has had his day, and sails
are of the past,
We never more shall need them, while
coal and water last;
Jack Tar, of gallant memory, may live
in books and rhyme,
But the stokers, and the engineers are
the seamen of our time.

The Candidate.

THE great grand grisly grill-master sat
glowering in his chair,
The brander with his branding irons
and pinching tongs was there,
The brethren of the Frisky Goat were
seated round in state
To watch the operation on the tremb-
ling candidate.

The candidate gazed wistfully toward
the guarded door,
While drops of perspiration fell splash-
ing on the floor,
He longed for something soothing to
lubricate his throat,
As, borne upon the night wind, came
the bleating of a goat.

He thought of how, in troubled dreams,
that awful goat appeared
With twisted horns, and glowing eyes,
and stiff and bristling beard.
And then he thought of earlier days of
innocence and joy,
When he was still his mother's pet, his
dada's baby boy.

He thought he heard the order from
the grim grill-master's seat,
"Make bare the victim's bosom, bind
fast his hands and feet."
He thought he heard the bellows roar,
the clanking of a chain,
And, more than ever, longed to be a
little child again.

But why give way to cowardly fears,
and vain regrets? He knew
He'd come there of his own free-will,
and now must see it through.
He pulled himself together, and deter-
mined that he'd try
To show that he, at least, had learned
how brave men ought to die.

The ordeal is over, throw back the
portals wide,
The candidate is free to choose the
goat he'd like to ride.
He has borne his trial bravely, and,
believe me if you can,
He's a wiser and a better, and by no
means sadder man.

The Legend of Lovesick
Lake.

I've heard many a different version,
and I don't know which is true
Of the following touching legend, but
my own is somewhat new.

About two hundred years ago, it
matters not much when,
These lovely lakes and islands belonged
to the red men.

These warriors bold in wigwams dwelt,
and chased the deer and bear
While, in their leisure hours, they stole
their next door neighbour's hair.
Among them lived a lovely maid, bright
copper red was she.

She went by the romantic name of
Wackaohmeme.

She had no lack of lovers, but she only
deigned to stoop
To listen to the honeyed words of young
Chief Cockawhoop.

This chieftain was a handsome man,
brave, gentle and well bred.

His cheeks were stained with yellow,
and his nose was painted red.

These colours seldom varied, save,
when on the war track,
His cheeks were with vermilion dyed,
his nose was painted black.
Now, these young lovers' parents
approved of their good sense,
And an early redskin wedding was
fixed, in consequence.
But fair Wackaohmeme took it into her
young head
She'd like a dozen Mohawk scalps to
deck their bridal bed.
So Cockawhoop to prove himself no
coward, nor chicken-hearted
Said "good-bye Wackaohmeme, and
on the war path started.
To please his fair young bride elect, he
worked with heart and soul,
And set up in a Mohawk town, a
brand new barber's pole.
His shop was thronged with customers,
for his notice said, you see,
He'd shampoo them for nothing, and
do their shaving free.
But he grew low and homesick, of his
sweetheart thus bereft,
So he killed a dozen customers, and
took their scalps, *and left.*
When he returned in triumph, he found
his promised bride,
Had wet her pretty little feet, and taken
cold, and died.

'Twas not in redskin nature to bear
this awful shock,
So he slowly starved himself to death,
on a boulder called "Scow Rock,"
Alone, on a lonely island, he died for
his dead love's sake,
And the place it stands in, now is
known by the name of Lovesick
Lake.



